

Iron County Register

R. D. AKE, : : : : EDITOR.
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IRONTON, MO.,
THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1885.

S. P. Carthy and Thos. Harrison, of Reynolds county, "caught the groundhog about two weeks ago, and despatched him. This, we presume, accounts for the break in the six weeks' rough weather he promised us on the 2d of February. No groundhog, no weather.

Our neighbors of St. Francois county will vote, on the 21st inst., on a proposition to build a \$20,000 courthouse. It is quite likely an affirmative vote will be given this time; if not, Judge Fox ought to appoint a guardian for the county, with full power to erect such buildings as he might deem necessary for the safety and well-being of the public.

Hon. Thos. Mabrey, of Ripley county, is urged by his friends as a person fit to fill the position made vacant by Judge Owens, of the 23d Judicial Circuit. If appointed, he will make an excellent Judge, and we hope Gov. Marmaduke will do the people of that circuit the justice of responding to their generally expressed wish and preference for Mr. Mabrey.

The House refuses under a call for "Ayes and Nays," to submit a constitutional amendment for the removal of the capital from Jefferson City to Sedalia. We are not languishing for love of the latter place, particularly, but if the question of having capital buildings which shall not be a disgrace to three millions of enlightened people depend upon a change of location, we are for that change.

A "smart" constable in Dunklin county discovered a pedler exhibiting his wares and suspected that the fellow was selling without license. To trap the fellow the constable bought a table-cloth and then demanded the man's license. The pedler presented the proper paper, and said: "I took you to be an officer, and so made you pay \$4.00 for an article that I usually sell for \$2.00 and make a big profit." The constable went away and jumped into a mud-puddle and tried to turn himself into a bull-frog.

We copy from the Bedford, (Pa.) Gazette:

There is a little bit in Bedford township, on the pike west of Bedford, that contains but one room and a loft hardly fit for chickens to roost in. The room is eight by ten feet in size and is the home of Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Fairfax, her son Wash. Fairfax, all colored, "Sue" Jinkins, a white woman who claims to be Fairfax's wife, two white children and three colored children. A chair on top of a bureau is the stairway to the loft.

Which goes well to prove that it is not alone the "rowdy West" that the interrogatory, "kin sich things be?" applies.

Squire S. C. of Kennett, Dunklin county, is "a daisy" and we wish his tribe were more numerous. About ten days ago a "bad man from Bitter Creek" was arrested and arraigned before his honor for carrying concealed weapons—the particular weapon in this instance being a pistol, worn in a rear pocket under the protecting shade of the coat-tail. During the trial the defendant professedly swore, for which he was fined ten dollars. He afterwards made himself obnoxious to the court and was again fined ten dollars. After the evidence was heard the Esquire fined the defendant fifty dollars and cost, for wearing his pistol breeches.

Mr. School Director Pelly, of Farmington, says the Times gave Mr. Kugel (hardware dealer) permission to place a stove in one of the school rooms on trial, but Mr. P. says he subsequently notified him to remove it; that it would not answer. It was not removed, however, until Wednesday evening, when Mr. K. had it delivered in front of Mr. P.'s cigar store, implying thereby that the latter was under some obligations to keep and pay for it. Mr. P. scorns the implication, and notified the marshal to remove the obstruction from in front of his store, as it was not an appropriate cigar sign, and was in no sense indicative of his business. We shouldn't wonder if a large-sized stove law suit resulted, as Mr. P. is something of a luster when he gets his head set.

The Southeast delegation at Jefferson City, a week or so ago, took prisoner the Hon. Henderson Whitlow, of Reynolds, carried him into a private room, lectured him roundly, and concluded the punishment by placing on his head a fine silk hat of the latest style, procured at considerable expense from the Capital City's most fashionable hatter. We congratulate the Hon. Mr. H. upon his possession of this mark of esteem, but caution him, as he values his future, when he returns home, to take with him its duplicate, for the adornment of the cranium of Bro. Shriver of the Outlook. Over in Reynolds a silk hat would be unique and call for remarks; but with the press to back him, Mr. C. could make the innovation with tolerable safety. Beside, a silk hat, we understand, is Bro. Shriver's hobby.

Times have been anything but "good" for a twelvemonth, but it is not beyond the memory of man to recall the period when they were worse. Monday's Republican contained an article headed "Good Old Days," from which we extract a few grains of consolation to all who have suffered from and yet feel the weight of the depression about to be lifted from trade and industry: "Not many years have elapsed since it took 100 bushels of oats to pay a debt

of \$10. The pioneer farmers of Nebraska territory have frequently kept over till March or April splendid peachblow potatoes and given them away by the wagon load to friends who might wish to come after them to feed their cattle if they chose so to do, and many a wagon-load was so disposed of. Eggs at 3 cents per dozen were frequently sold in the "good old days." Choice butter was obtained at 8 1/2 cents per pound, and it was none of the streaked stuff composed of a detestable compound of tallow and wagon grease, but the golden yellow butter, not made, to be sure, from \$500-Jersey cows, but then it was good and rich, though the cows were crumpled horned and had awful black, tough hides. Wheat was sold, after keeping over one year, at 25 cents per bushel. Corn was used for fuel in the "good old days," and sold, when sold at all for cash, at from 5 to 8 cents per bushel. Cotton wood lumber and wildcat Tekama bark bills were the only currency in the "good old days." Chickens roosted high then, as now, but the yellow-legged fowls sold at 75 cents to the yard per dozen.

Destructive Fire.

Last Thursday morning at a few minutes to 7 o'clock, a fire broke out in the furniture store of Green & Farmer in this city, and in a short time the row of wooden buildings on the south side of the square, from South Main street to the south-east corner of the square were in ashes. The two stores next to Main street were vacant, Green & Farmer lost all their furniture stock, but saved their undertaker's outfit, which was stored in the old building recently occupied as the Gazette office, that building being saved by great exertion. Next east to Green & Farmer was Campbell & Co.'s stock of dry goods, groceries, etc. Much of this stock was saved. Adjoining Campbell & Co.'s was Teller's sewing machine agency. Everything in this was saved, as was also the contents of Findley and Lauffer's meat market.

The store of Campbell & Co. was owned by G. E. W. Jennings and the vacant store on the corner by his brother. All the other buildings were the property of Dr. J. B. C. Dixon. The cause of this fire is not positively known, but it probably originated from a defective line. No one was in the store at the time. It was only by dint of great exertion that Russell's jewelry shop was saved. If this had burned there is no telling where the flames would have stopped their progress. Fortunately a heavy coating of snow and an entire absence of wind favored the saving of other buildings.

The losses aggregate in the neighborhood of \$8,000. Green & Farmer estimate their loss at about \$3,700 to \$4,000—insured for \$3,000. Campbell & Co. were losers to the amount of \$500.00—no insurance. Insurance on buildings to Dr. Dixon, \$700; on Jennings \$1,250.—West Plains Gazette.

Killed.

Last Saturday morning, at about 9 o'clock, at Bird's Point, Frank Durand and a colored man named Lewis Merriweather got into a difficulty about a freight truck. Hard names were passed between them and the negro drew a knife and attempted to cut Durand. Durand ran a short distance, pulled out his pistol and fired, missing his man. The negro, not to be frightened with such shooting, kept up his chase and came near getting in his work on Durand, when the latter, not having time to turn and get aim, shot over his own shoulder, the ball taking effect in Merriweather's head, from which wound he died in about six hours.

Durand was arrested by our city marshal, who went down to Bird's Point on a velocipede when the news of the tragedy reached here, and brought him to Charleston and placed him in jail.

A Coroner's inquest was held that evening, and the verdict was that Durand was justified in killing deceased.

Both parties were employees of the narrow gauge railroad in the freight transferring department.

Durand has since been charged with carrying concealed weapons, and was found guilty and fined \$25 and cost.—Charleston Courier.

An Official Curiosity.

For nearly two years the devisions of West Plains have been flattering themselves that they were enjoying all the conveniences and pleasures of having a railroad, with its station, an express office, and the sight of trains running to and fro between Kansas City and Memphis; but it seems it is all a delusion—a dream as it were. Our railroad station is "the baseless fabric of a vision." Dave Wilson is a ghost and W. K. Davis is a spirit in telegraphic myth. A government official proclaims it, and it must be so, since government officials of the Republican party are men of wisdom and honesty of earth—infallible in knowledge, Blainlike in virtue and proof against stealing anything larger than a mountain or smaller than a one-cent postage stamp, and as to error, why one of these high up Republicans "digs" could no more be mistaken than water could run up Niagara Falls.

Last December, Mr. H. J. Noe, U. S. storekeeper and gun-guy at Noe's, Ark., ordered a gauger's rod from the office of Internal Revenue, at Washington, but as a result of the mythical character of our railroad has never received it, as the following letter shows:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Office of Internal Revenue,
Washington, Jan. 17, 1885.
H. J. Noe, Esq.,
U. S. S. & Gauger, Noe's, Ark.
Sir:—In reply to your letter of the 10th instant, you are informed that your Rod was shipped by express on December 16, 1884, addressed to you at West Plains, Mo., as you requested.

Upon inquiry at the office of the Express Co., it is found that there is neither Rail Road Station nor express office at West Plains, Mo., and the rod has probably been detained at the nearest express office until called for.

You should a notice have been notified by mail from such office, that the rod was so detained. Respectfully,
H. C. ROGERS,
Deputy Commissioner.
The question arises, how is Mr. Noe going to get his rod? It takes as much proof to convince a government official of an error as it does to convince another description of government quadruped that he is only a long-eared son of an ass. As to taking West Plains and our railroad down to Washington as an exhibit of fact, it simply "couldn't be did." We see no other way out of the difficulty but to cut Rogers' official head off and put in its place a head containing something. The fourth of March has passed, so let Rogers go forth as an example of civil service reform. Let him be embalmied in a railroad map of the United States, skewered up with a gauger's rod and sent to Washington as a mummified curiosity of the 19th century. Selah.—West Plains Gazette.

R. B. Hayes's Small Claim.

Among the lesser jobs attached by the Senate to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill is one urged by R. B. Hayes, an Ohio poultryman. It ought not to escape attention. It ought not to slip through in the confusion of the last hour.

Hayes—and his very name inspires the suspicion that the claim is fraudulent—wants Congress to vote him \$3,950 for the amount paid for expenses of the Commission appointed to go to Louisiana in April, 1877. This refers, we suppose, to the expenses of certain gentlemen who unofficially, and at the personal request of Hayes and Mr. Edwards went to Louisiana to carry out the shamful bargain that put the aforesaid Hayes into the White House.

This enterprise was undertaken by R. B. Hayes on his own responsibility, and primarily and solely for his own pecuniary advantage. It enabled him to draw from the United States Treasury more than \$200,000 of money to which he had not the slightest legal or moral claim.

Now, not content with having received and salted down this large dividend on a small investment, the Ohio poultryman has the assurance, after eight years, to ask the people of the United States to reimburse him for his outlay in swindling them.

Of course, the only hope for the poultryman's job lies in its pettiness. To omit it out is to defeat it.—N. Y. Sun.

Never Give Up.

If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be invigorated with new strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by P. R. Crisp.

Old Times.

Ed. Register.—In my last article I spoke of the roads not being very good; such being the case, it was of no use to purchase good carriages and buggies, for we could not use them. The only way to travel was on horseback, or with a big team, and carry an ax and other tools to mend up break-downs.

A person could travel for days and weeks almost nowhere; it did not require a full purse, as now. If you rode a good horse, dressed neat and clean, looked like a gentleman, and acted like one, and was withal a good talker, you were welcome. I have known men to go on a journey to Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Carolinas, to be gone two or three months, and not cost over five dollars; nor did they have to beg, for people did not spend so much time traveling as now, and when a stranger came he was welcomed.

Newspapers were not so plenty; while it is a rare thing now to go in a house without seeing one or more newspapers and magazines, then it was a rare thing to see any paper. People did not have the advantages for knowledge as in these days. Now, every three or four miles we see a neat school house, with its bevy of boys and girls, with bright faces and neat clothing; then there were few or no school houses. If a man wished to educate his children, he hired a teacher in his house, or some one got up a subscription school and hired a teacher; those only had the privilege of sending who paid.

So you see why travelers were welcome; everybody expected to hear about the outside world, the whole political question was gone over, religious matters discussed, personal affairs, made up, and everything of interest to man was brought up and talked over. People enjoyed entertaining strangers, for we are to "entertain strangers, for thereby some entertain angels unawares."

In early times when but little was known of the vast country west of the Mississippi river, the report had spread throughout the Eastern States and Europe that "in the state of Missouri were two mountains of iron, solid from top to bottom." Of course it brought many learned men to see such wonderful deposits of mineral wealth; also such wonderful loads of lead as at Mine La Motte and Mine La Berton. The visits of Prof. Niellum from Italy, Lord Henry Merry, Prof. Silliman, Prof. Forrest Shepherd, and others that I do not remember, are impressed upon my mind. I was always detailed to act as guide.

Three German professors came to spend a few days looking over the country; I was instructed to go with them wherever they wished. The first place was Pilot Knob; we hitched our horses at the foot of the mountain, and as we started up I noticed one of them take his saddle-bags on his shoulder; when we reached the top they were well warmed and tired. After resting awhile, they opened the bags and took out a half dozen bottles of wine; they said they had brought it all the way from Germany to drink on the top of Pilot Knob. They arose to their feet, and stood side by side, each with a bottle of wine in his hand; turning, their faces to the east, the first said, "Here is to our beloved country across the sea—Germany!" each took a long drink. The next said, "And here is to our beloved sister, the United States of America!" another drink. The third looked all around, then down at his feet, and said, "And now to the goddess of the wilderness, Pilot Knob!" then another drink.

They then drew out their pipes, and the goddesses which were very fine, they seated themselves, discussed the scenery, the wonderful works of nature, the character of the ore, the future of this wonderful development of mineral, and the country in general. After resting and drinking all the wine but one-half bottle, they proposed letting that stand on the top as an offering to the "gods of the hills." Reaching the foot of those top rocks, one of them said, "No, I am going back to drink that wine!" the others objected, and as he climbed back one of them seized my rifle and shot at the bottle breaking it to pieces. After reaching our horses safely, we visited the other places of interest. Although we had no railroads or stage-coaches, we were not out of entirely from the outside world. What delightful horseback rides the young folks would take, coming from a distance to visit these places! Parties of five or six couples would come from St. Louis, Potot, Farmington, Fredericktown, and even Illinois. It was counted nothing to ride an hundred miles. Time was nothing; it might as well be spent riding horseback as by rail: The world had not got in such a hurry as it is now when everything goes by steam, and people eat as if life was too long and they must get through it as soon as possible. No, we were in no hurry. Every day brought its own cares, with little thought of the morrow.

I shall never forget the visit of one company of ladies and gentlemen from Farmington. They had sent word they wished to visit the Pilot Knob, Iron Mountain and Granite Quarry. "Will it discommode you to keep five or six couples two or three days?" Our answer was, "No, we will be glad to see you." The day was a bright warm one in summer; about four o'clock they rode up on their beautiful horses—they

prided themselves on their fine horses and trappings as much as we do on our fine bugles and horses. After dismounting and resting, they told us that as they passed a herd of seven milch cows, they saw two boys in a wagon with a yoke of oxen to it; the boys were looking at them as they rode by. Suddenly the oxen started, the largest boy was thrown to the ground; as he did not get up, they went back to help him. As they lifted him they found he was dead—his neck was broken in the fall! After supper—which was an early one—the guests repaired to the parlor. Just as sundown there appeared along the west and northwest horizon a dark bank of clouds; they all stood at the windows watching the clouds rise, which they did very rapidly. In less than fifteen minutes they had come up over Shepherd's mountain, with that dead blackness with a greenish tinge which forbodes danger.

The house now owned by the Misses Edgar had just been built for a church and school house. The upper part was reached by a flight of stairs on the outside, and a large door at the top center. As the clouds came up, one young lady said to the gentleman at her side, "I should love to see one of those tornadoes we read about." She had hardly expressed her wish before the storm burst upon the Valley in all its fury; the wind struck the school house with such force as to burst open the door of the upper floor, lift the roof and burst out the south wall of the house, and throw it to the ground. After minutes, the gentleman turned to her and said, "Are you satisfied?" Her answer was "yes," and a flood of tears followed. How silent and hushed the company became at that! Singing was proposed, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Before retiring, the beautiful Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," was read; then all bowed the knee, one of the number poured out his soul to God, for the wonderful manifestations of his power how they had been spared; that he would make them feel their utter dependence upon him; that he would watch over them through the night, refresh and prepare them for the duties and plans of another day. Such scenes are not easily forgotten. Dear boys and girls, how much you have to be thankful for—the modern improvements, the advantages of education, all helps to lighten labor, the facilities for travel, everything that goes to make up the bundle of life. When you become dissatisfied with your condition, remember it might be worse. "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."—R. P. T.

Cure for Piles.

PILES are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower parts of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptoms of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a very common attendant. Bleeding and itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price, 50 cents. Address, The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piquette, Ohio. Sold by P. R. Crisp, Ironton.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

In the Circuit Court of Iron county, Mo., In Vacation, January 26, 1885.

Austin Clement and Rockwell Sayer, Partners under the style of Clement, Sayer & Company, Plaintiffs,

vs.
Phillip A. Woolley, Defendant.

[Civil Action by Attachment.]
Now at this day came the plaintiffs by attorney before the undersigned Clerk of the Circuit Court of Iron County, in the State of Missouri, and filed their petition and affidavit, setting forth among other things, that the defendant is a non-resident of the State of Missouri and cannot be summoned in this action by the ordinary process of law; it is, therefore, ordered by the clerk of the circuit court of Iron county, Mo., in vacation, that publication be made, notifying said defendant that an action has been commenced against him in the circuit court of Iron county, in the State of Missouri, founded on an account for the sum of two hundred and ten and thirty-one hundredths dollars; that his property has been attached, and that unless he be a d appear at the next term of said court, to be held at the courthouse within and for said County of Iron, State of Missouri, on the fourth Monday in April, next (1885), and on or before the sixth day thereof (if the term shall so long continue, and if not, then before the end of the term), judgment will be rendered against him, and the property sold to satisfy the same.

It is further ordered that a copy hereof be published according to law in the IRON COUNTY REGISTER, a weekly newspaper published in the county of Iron, State of Missouri.

A true copy:
Attest, with seal, this 26th day of January, 1885.
JOS. HUFF, Clerk.
a20n29 Iron county circuit court.
B. Zwart, Attorney for Plaintiffs.

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For further information address Lee H. Dowling, Bellevue, Iron Co., Mo.

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Terms in Day School will remain as formerly—One Dollar, Two Dollars, Four Dollars, or Five Dollars per month, according to the studies pursued.

In the Day School boys 14 years of age and under will be received.
Prospectuses, and other information, may be had by applying, in person or by letter, to MOTHER ROSE, Superior of the Convent of the Ursuline Sisters, Arcadia Iron Co., Mo.

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